

Suite life

By Raven_of_fear

Submitted: August 2, 2006

Updated: January 7, 2007

It's so sad it made me cry

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Raven_of_fear/37905/Suite-life

Chapter 1 - the twin brother towers

2

1 - the twin brother towers

9/11 version Of the Suite Life of Zack and Cody

In memory of 9/11 victims... enjoy... L

Chapter 1 September 11, 2001—8:51 A.M. —Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

“Come on! You *have* to say I won that game fair and square!” Zack Martin talked cockily to his friend Tapeworm as they entered the Martin suite. He casually dropped his sports bag on the ground, wiping some sweat off his cheek with his hand. He had school off that day and had gone to play some basketball with Tapeworm. Carey had gone to a new gig, and she hadn’t minded some time to herself.

“Yeah right,” Tapeworm panted, running a hand through his sweaty, tousled brown hair. “You just got lucky.”

Zack flopped casually onto the couch and ignored his friend. Tapeworm sat next to him, still breathing hard. Zack grabbed a remote control and flipped on the TV.

He changed the channel a couple of times and then suddenly stopped. It was a news program, and Tapeworm looked at his friend in surprise. Zack had never really been one for factual information—that was more like Cody, Zack’s twin brother, but Zack’s face was so pale with horror, Tapeworm glanced at the screen, only to feel himself freeze up in shock.

The headline along the bottom read: *World Trade Centers Attacked In Terrorist Hijack*. There was an instant replay as a plane ran into one of the towers—undoubtedly on purpose.

“Oh my God,” whispered Zack. “Oh my God, this can’t be happening.”

**I'll sing it one last time for you
Then we really have to go
You've been the only thing that's right
In all I've done**

September 11, 2001—7:37—New York City—The World Trade Centers—Earlier that morning

Cody smiled to himself as he boarded the elevator in the World Trade Centers. *I can't believe I'm here.*

He’d been selected—along with several other honor students—to go and visit the World Trade Centers to learn how business worked in the *real* world. He’d been so excited when he’d been chosen, this being the first time he’d ever traveled alone, besides camp. His mother had been so proud, and Zack acted indifferent, but Cody could tell that his brother was proud of him too.

He’d gotten on the plane, flown to New York, and spent the first day viewing the Empire State

Building—today was devoted towards the Twin Towers though.

He kept his eyes open. He wanted to tell Zack everything that happened when he got back.

**And I can barely look at you
But every single time I do
I know we'll make it anywhere
Away from here**

September 11, 2001—8:58 A.M.—Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

“Who would do this?” Tapeworm managed to squeak out in a horrified gasp.

Zack just stared, his eyes still glued to the screen. Somehow this was important, but he couldn't remember why. He couldn't remember why this affected him so personally...

“Zack?” Tapeworm's voice was hollow and low with worry. “Zack, isn't Cody in New York right now?” He stared hard at his friend. “Zack?”

For several seconds, Zack just stood there staring blankly at the screen. Then what Tapeworm had said came through.

“Oh my God,” he whispered. “Cody visits the Twin Towers today—that's what he said... I think.”

Stepping up, he knocked over a chair, but didn't stop to pick it up. He ran towards the phone, clicking on their latest messages that he hadn't deleted, since his mother hadn't had a chance to listen yet.

“One message. Yesterday, September 10, 2001, 9:36 P.M.”

“Hey,” Cody's voice came over the intercom. “It's me, Cody. You weren't home right now, so I just wanted to leave a message for you—Mom, and of course Zack. Well, today was a pretty big day. I went to the Empire State Building, and we learned about the significance of it. I wish you could have been there to see it with me. Oh, tomorrow I'm going to visit the World Trade Towers, I'll tell you how it goes. Yeah, I hope I can talk to you soon. I love you Mom, love you Zack. Say 'hi' to everybody for me.”

Zack only heard one line ring over and over in his head... *Oh, tomorrow I'm going to visit the World Trade Towers... World Trade Towers... World Trade Towers...*

Next to him, Tapeworm let out an audible gasp. “Oh, God no.”

**Light up, light up
As if you have a choice
Even if you cannot hear my voice
I'll be right beside you dear**

September 11, 2001—8:47 A.M.—New York City—The World Trade Towers

Cody shuddered as he got slowly up from the floor. He didn't know what had happened. Suddenly the building had just been hit so hard, the impact causing him to fall to the ground, the floor above him

collapsing heavily, rubble falling through the air.

Cody reached up and rubbed some gravel out of his hair. *Oh God, what's going on?*

He looked around for someone familiar, but found himself alone. The stairs that were on the floor he had been on had caved in, blocking him off from the rest of the group. He heard screams from above him, voices begging desperately for help.

His first instinct was to get out of the building. He tried to run for the stairs, but found them in a completely unusable state. Oh God, what could he do now?

He ran to the window, which had bent and cracked, the glass shattered. He couldn't jump, he decided—he was too high up. Sitting down on the floor, he thought over what he could do. First he'd try to call for help. Deciding that the police would probably be aware already, he wanted to call his family and let them know what was going on.

Louder, louder

And we'll run for our lives

I can hardly speak I understand

Why you can't raise your voice to say

September 11, 2001—9:07 A.M.—Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

The phone rang and Zack almost jumped to grab at it, knocked out of his state of shock.

“Hello?”

“Zack,” came his mother's voice. “It's me.”

“Mom? Did you see? Did you hear? What's going on, Mom?” Zack realized he sounded hysterical, but he didn't care. He was worried about Cody.

“Hear what?” His mom had obviously missed out on the news.

“On the news! Go find a radio, something, right now! Mom, the World Trade Towers were bombed, and Mom—MOM, CODY'S INSIDE THEM!”

There was silence from the other end. Then, “*What?*”

“I *told* you! Some terrorist or something, I don't know—there was a plane and it was hijacked, and they purposely *ran it into* the World Trade Towers! Mom, I checked the message and CODY'S going there today! Mom, Cody's *inside* the World Trade Tower and it's *falling!* The floors are falling and collapsing down! Oh God,” Zack looked over at the TV which was still blaring the news. “Mommy, the—OH MY GOD!”

“Zack, what is it?”

“Mom, people are *jumping!* They're jumping out of the windows so that they can live, oh God, Mom,

they're all *dying!* Oh my *GOD!* Mom you *have* to find a TV *right* now, Mom!"

"I will, Zack, just stay there. I'm coming right home, just stay there right now..."

Zack hung up the phone. Beside him, Tapeworm was breathing hard, his eyes wide in horror as he stared at the screen.

Then, a few minutes after, the phone rang again.

**To think I might not see those eyes
Makes it so hard not to cry
And as we say our long goodbye
I nearly do**

September 11, 2001—9:17 A.M.—New York City—The World Trade Centers

Cody found a pay phone and hurriedly shoved coins into the slot. He quickly dialed the numbers, amazed that the phone still worked.

His brother picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Zack, it's me." Cody struggled to keep his voice steady when deep inside he was trembling.

"Cody? Oh my God, Cody are you alright? Cody where are you? Cody, what's going on? Are you safe?"

"Zack, I don't know. I'm in the World Trade Tower—something just hit the building and I don't know. Zack, the people are screaming—they're screaming. *OH MY GOD!*"

"What happened?"

"Zack, I just saw someone fall—someone fell out the window, oh God, Zack, what's going on?"

"Cody, people are jumping—jumping out of the building. They're dying, Cody, they're dying. Someone hijacked a plane and drove it through the tower! Cody?"

"Zack, I don't know what's happening," Cody's voice arched onto a high note. "Zack, Zack, I'm scared, Zack, I'm scared."

"Cody, just stay there, and talk to me. See if you can find a way out, can you?"

"No the stairs are broken—I can't see anyway out..."

"Cody, you *need* to get out of there, *now.*"

**Light up, light up
As if you have a choice
Even if you cannot hear my voice
I'll be right beside you dear**

September 11, 2001—9:28 A.M.—Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

Zack turned to Tapeworm. “It’s Cody. He’s stuck and he can’t find his way out, oh my God, Tapeworm, what can he do? Cody?” he yelled into the phone worriedly.

“Zack, I’m scared. I don’t know what to do, Zack. I don’t want to die,” Cody’s desperate voice called out, and Zack felt himself tremble inside.

“You’re not going to die, you’re going to get out of there. You *need* to get out—Cody?”

The phone line went dead.

September 11, 2001—9:31 A.M.—New York City—The World Trade Towers

“Darn!” Cody fumbled with some more coins and hurriedly slammed them into the slot. Above him, the floor was creaking.

His brother answered almost immediately. “Cody?”

“The money ran out; I’m using a pay phone.”

“Cody, are you ok?”

“Zack, I don’t know,” Cody felt helpless as the floor above him continued to sag down. “Zack, I’m scared. I’m going to die, Zack. I’m going to die.”

“No you’re not,” Zack was yelping back. “Please don’t, Cody. You can make it. Please Cody, please.”

“Zack, I’m not going to make it... I’m not going to...”

Louder, louder

And we'll run for our lives

I can hardly speak I understand

Why you can't raise your voice to say

September 11, 2001—9:34 A.M.—Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

“You’re going to be fine, Cody,” Zack’s voice broke with pain as he realized this could be the end.

“Stay with me Cody.”

On the other end, Cody’s voice was hysterical. “Oh my God, Zack, I’m sorry. I don’t want to die. I’m scared, Zack, I’m scared. I’m so scared, Zack.”

“Cody...”

“Zack, I want you to tell Mom I love her. I love her so much, Mom. Tell everybody I love them. Zack I want to...”

“Cody, don’t talk like this.”

“Zack.” Cody’s voice was strangely calm now. “Zack, I’m not going to make it, I already know that. I’m sorry I couldn’t be there for you all the time. I love you Zack, I love you.”

“I love you too, little brother.”

“No, Zack, Zack, I don’t want you to give up after I’m gone.”

“Code, I can’t live without you.” Tears welled up in Zack’s eyes and flooded over the edges, running down his face.

“Zack, you have to promise me that you’ll keep on going on.” His brother seemed weak but strangely determined.

“What?”

“Zack, you have to promise that you’ll keep living. You’ll keep living for me, because I need you to do that, Zack. You can’t lose it when I leave—please Zack, promise me.” Cody’s voice was weak and scared but resolute.

“Cody-” Zack’s voice caught in his throat as he tried not to let the tears show. He needed to be strong for Cody.

“*Promise me.*” Cody’s voice was a desperate plea, and Zack couldn’t say no.

“I promise.” His heart felt heavy as he said it, but he knew he had to promise Cody.

“Good. Zack, I love you. I’m sorry it has to end like this.” His brother’s voice was teary, and Zack could tell that Cody was on the verge of bursting into tears.

“I love you too, Cody.” Hot tears continued running down Zack’s face.

“I’m sorry Zack,” Cody’s voice was trembling again. “I love you.”

The line went dead.

Cody didn’t call again.

Slower, slower

We don't have time for that

All I want is to find an easier way

To get out of our little heads

September 11, 2001—10:53 A.M.—New York City—The World Trade Centers

The floor on top of Cody finally collapsed down on him. He didn’t hurt for long. He was looking out the

cracked window, whispering silently before he died. "Good-bye Zack."

September 11, 2001—10:53 A.M.—Boston—The Tipton—The Martin Suite

Zack felt a pain rush through his side for a second, and he gasped in pain. A tear escaped and he turned to his worried Mom. "Cody's gone..."

Have heart my dear

We're bound to be afraid

Even if it's just for a few days

Making up for all this mess

September 11, 2002—One Year Later—Ground Zero

Zack stood, staring out at the debris that had once been the World Trade Towers. It was all over.

A solitary tear strayed down his cheek as his eyes traveled over the desolate land.

"I love you Cody."

He heard a voice somewhere, calling out from the heavens. *I love you too, Zack.*

Another tear escaped, but Zack wiped it away. He'd keep going. He'd keep playing the game for Cody.

Light up, light up

As if you have a choice Even if you cannot hear my voice

I'll be right beside you dear